

*Quarterly*

**NEWS**

*Letter*

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THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

ON COLLECTING P. G. WODEHOUSE

By David Magee

LETTERS FROM THE ROCK

By Richard H. Dillon

SERENDIPITY

NOTES ON PUBLICATIONS :: EXHIBITIONS

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

&c. &c.

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*Published for its members by The Book Club  
of California, 545 Sutter Street,  
San Francisco*

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## The Book Club of California

FOUNDED in 1912, The Book Club of California is a non-profit association of book-lovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

The Club is limited to 875 members. When vacancies exist membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular Membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$15.00; Sustaining, \$25.00; Patron, \$100.00.

Members receive the *Quarterly News-Letter* and all parts of the current Keepsake series, *Early West Coast Lighthouses*. They have the privilege, but not the obligation, of buying the Club publications, which are limited, as a rule, to one copy per member.

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*Quarterly News-Letter*

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Extra copies of Keepsakes or *News-Letters*, when available, are sold to members at 50c each. Membership dues and contributions (including books or documents at current market value, suitable for the Club's library) are deductible in computing income taxes.

# *Quarterly*

# NEWS

## *Letter*

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VOL. XXIX

*Spring 1964*

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### THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

AS I conclude my term as President, the Club is beginning its second half-century in a highly flourishing condition. Membership is now at an all-time high of 875, with over sixty applicants on the waiting list. The number of Sustaining and Patron Members continues to increase; we have 145 Sustaining Members and ten Patrons. It is largely because of the generous support of these two classes of members that the Club has been able to maintain its program of activities during the last few years without running a deficit. It is hoped that more members will take out such memberships. Our financial situation is bolstered further by a small endowment fund which, we hope, will receive additions so that the Club may look forward to a future of continued accomplishment.

Thanks are due the Publications Committee, under the able chairmanship of James D. Hart, for their outstanding achieve-

## The Book Club of California

ments. The three books published during 1963 were both critical and popular successes. Of the Spring book, Lawrence S. Thompson noted (in *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, Fourth Quarter, 1963): "The standards of scholarship and book production in the publications of The Book Club of California have long been equal to the best in the Americas. In the latest publication, Charles Muscatine's *The Book of Geoffrey Chaucer . . .* Lawton Kennedy matches his skill as a designer and typographer with Professor Muscatine's erudition." The Fall book, R. L. Stevenson's *San Francisco*, with introduction by James Hart and printed by Adrian Wilson, was widely considered one of the most delightful of the Club publications and it sold out immediately. Finally, the Christmas book, *The Wonderful City of Carrie Van Wie*, was a colorful and fitting climax to forty years of collaboration between the Club, author Oscar Lewis, and the Grabhorn Press.

After thorough and lengthy consideration, a detailed and comprehensive program for the Club's library has been adopted by the Board. More information about this policy and the forthcoming library auction will be found elsewhere in this issue. Here I would like to thank Albert Sperisen and his hardworking committee, who have spent many hours making an inventory of the library with the view toward adapting existing holdings to the long-range plan. Special credit should go to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hansen, for their great services in cataloguing the books, and to William Barlow and Duncan Olmsted for their work in preparing the auction catalogue.

Finally, I would like to thank all the other Directors, committee chairmen and committees for their efforts. Without the loyal service of these volunteers the Club could not continue to function, much less flourish. The wonderful office staff team of Whitnahs has made the President's job a pleasure and I'm happy to know, in passing the baton on to our next President, he will have their continuing bolstering support.

JOSEPH BRANSTEN

# ON COLLECTING P. G. WODEHOUSE

By DAVID MAGEE

THE tragedy of the humorist is that no one takes him seriously. The common attitude toward a writer who aims to amuse is one of mild condescension, which stems perhaps from an ancient and firmly-held belief that any old hack can make a man laugh while it takes a special talent to make him weep. This misconception seems peculiar to the English-speaking peoples. The French honor their comedians. They name their national theater the *Comédie Française* and consider Molière their greatest dramatist. It would be interesting to speculate on Shakespeare's position in the hierarchy of English playwrights if he had never written *Hamlet* or *King Lear* and had confined his genius to comedies.

Hilaire Belloc, broadcasting in the United States some twenty years ago, stated unequivocally that he considered Mr. P. G. Wodehouse the best living writer in English and "the head of my profession." This statement was so startling to his listeners that Belloc received "a vast amount of communications" \* enquiring what he meant. Obviously these correspondents, or the majority of them, thought he was joking. A funny man the best living writer in English? Ridiculous! Here, surely, is the perfect example of the Anglo-Saxon attitude toward the poor humorist.

I, too, have been the victim of amazement when I tell people I collect the first editions of Wodehouse. Many look at me as if I were ripe for what Mr. Wodehouse himself calls "the looney bin." This astonishment does not bother me. I happen to agree with Belloc; I agreed with him long before he made his broadcast. Not only have I been collecting this most genial and rewarding of modern authors for many years, I have been reading and re-reading him most of my adult life.

Mr. Wodehouse has been writing novels, short stories, essays, plays, musical comedies and Heaven-knows what else for over sixty years. Like most prolific authors who write for money (and as Dr. Johnson remarked, the man who doesn't is a blockhead)

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\* Weekend Wodehouse. Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. London, n.d.

## The Book Club of California

he has had his pot-boilers but these are remarkably few and mostly confined to his Middle or Sentimental Period (1910-19). The books of the Late Period (1920 to date), the ones we have come to recognize as typically Wodehousian—by these he should be judged. Granted that Mr. Wodehouse's writings have not, and never will, influence the state of the world and that his characters live in a never-never-land inhabited by demented peers, vacuous young men, grenadier-like aunts and that almost vanished race of butlers and gentlemen's gentlemen—granted this, surely their creator is entitled to consideration as a *craftsman*, and perhaps even as a social historian of what may be termed the "spats and cane" era. It was not as a gag that Mr. Wodehouse was made a Doctor, *honoris causa*, of the University of Oxford, an academic body which does not confer honors lightly.

The Early Period (1902-10) was confined mainly to boys' books—novels and short stories dealing with public school life at the turn of the century. These are refreshingly free of the moralizing so dear to writers in this *genre*, and are, incidentally, models of construction. The fact that they remained in print for many years testifies to their merit, for no one is more scornful of an unconvincing tale about himself than an adolescent.

*The Pothunters* (1902) is the earliest of these school stories. The first edition is difficult to find in fine condition and exceedingly so in the first state of the binding. The book was evidently a slow seller, for the sheets of the original edition are found in a different cover—a pictorial one to match the style of the titles that followed: *A Prefect's Uncle*, *Tales of St. Austin's*, *The Gold Bat*, etc. The first binding of *The Pothunters* is in dark blue cloth with a plain silver cup in the center of the front cover; the secondary binding in pale blue cloth shows two young athletes racing for the tape—something much more likely to catch the eye of a youthful purchaser. This state also has eight pages of advertisements tipped in the back, listing all seven of the author's books for boys, including *Mike* which was not published until 1909—seven years later.

Issued by Adam and Charles Black of London, sheets of most of these early Wodehouse books were sold to America where they appeared with (presumably) a tipped-in title page bearing the imprint of The Macmillan Co. I say "presumably" because I

## Quarterly News-Letter

have never seen one. I know of their existence by reference to the *Cumulative Book Index* where the titles and publisher are recorded; I am equally sure they consist of imported sheets, since in every instance both English and American editions have exactly the same number of pages, an unlikely event if the books were reset in this country. For twenty-five years I have been searching for these American issues and have failed to turn up a single title. Even the Library of Congress copyright copies have disappeared. At times my hopes have been raised by offers from book dealers, only to discover on inspection that the books quoted, while published by Macmillan, were of an entirely new edition with new illustrations and issued in the '20s.

You may ask: Why bother with American editions? Wodehouse is an Englishman (though he now lives in the United States and has become an American citizen) and therefore collectors of his "firsts" should concern themselves only with English editions. This is true to a point, but Wodehouse, who has been equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic for many years, is an exception. I grant you that the imported sheets of the above-mentioned boys' books have little bibliographical interest—I wish them only for the sake of completeness—but when it comes to the later novels and collections of short stories a very different state of affairs exists. A great number of titles were printed first in America, and, equally important, the text sometimes differs considerably from the English version. A good example is *The Prince and Betty* (1912). Published by W. J. Watt & Co. in New York three months ahead of the edition by Mills & Boon, London, the two books have only the title and bare bones of plot in common.

Sandwiched between the public school tales are four books for adults. The first is *Love Among the Chickens* (1906), a farcical love story of little distinction (it was completely revised—and much improved—in 1921), notable only for the introduction of a character who was later to become a favorite in the Wodehouse stable: Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge. Parenthetically, there has been some speculation among Wodehouse enthusiasts as to the pronunciation of this engaging amoralist's name. I have it on the highest authority that the "Uk" rhymes with "duke," not "duck." *Not George Washington* (1907) is another adult book, written in collaboration with Herbert Westbrook. Mediocre novel though

## The Book Club of California

this be, for collectors who demand completeness it will prove a real stumbling block. It must have been issued in a very small edition, and to my knowledge has never been reprinted. The two further non-juveniles of this period are *The Globe By the Way Book* (1908) and *The Swoop* (1909), two railway stall shilling paper-backs.

Wodehouse began writing his stories for boys while still working for a bank in the City of London. In due course he left the bank to take up authorship on a full-time basis and became editor of and chief contributor to a daily column entitled *By the Way* in the *Globe*, a now long defunct London newspaper. The first of the above-mentioned paper-backs was the gleanings from this daily stint. With one exception (mentioned later) *The Globe By the Way Book*, again co-authored by Herbert Westbrook, is by far the rarest of Mr. Wodehouse's writings. Published in flimsy pink wrappers at a shilling, tossed aside by travellers and left on train seats at the end of a journey, its life was indeed short. I despaired of ever finding a copy, and when my collection of English editions was virtually complete, I still lacked this elusive item. And then, about eight years ago, I received a letter from a fellow Wodehouse enthusiast who happened to be travelling in the British Isles. He wrote from Edinburgh to say that the National Library of Scotland possessed no less than two copies and that the Keeper of the Books was willing to trade one of these for a Wodehouse title the Library happened to lack. "Was I prepared to do business?" my friend asked. In less time than it takes to tell I had wrapped up and mailed the required book (I had a duplicate anyway) and in due course I received in return the copy of *The Globe By the Way Book*. It proved to be in beautiful condition, though there was a library stamp on the title page. Normally collectors do not care for books with evidence of former library ownership in them. In this case I was delighted, not only as a reminder of a friend's generosity in allowing me the first chance at this rarity, but for the stamp itself. It reads: *Advocates' Library—1908—Edinburgh*. I am still wondering how such an ephemeral item ever found its way into a world of lawyers.

*The Swoop or How Clarence Saved England* (1909), the second of these trifles, is almost as rare as the *Globe* book. It is also much more important. Here, for the first time we tap the Wodehouse

## Quarterly News-Letter

vein that was to yield—and still is yielding—such a rich flow of humor. *The Swoop* is a story of the invasion of England by the Germans and how the country was saved by a boy scout. In its delightful absurdity we find the key to all Wodehouse creations: a world turned upside down by exaggeration yet withal bearing a basic reality. How better can the characteristics of two nations be demonstrated than by having the English mildly annoyed to discover the Germans on their doorstep at teatime, and the invaders equally though more vociferously annoyed to find their martial spirit dampened by constant invitations to have a cup of tea. One is reminded by this example of British phlegm of the charwoman surveying the ruins of her house after a particularly vicious Blitz. “This ‘ere ‘Itler,” she remarked, “ ’E is a bit of a fidget.”

While *The Swoop* is important as a pointer in the direction Mr. Wodehouse was to take in his later writings, it is not typically Wodehousian. He was to find his true milieu in *The Intrusion of Jimmy* (New York, 1910) which was issued six months later in London under the title of *A Gentleman of Leisure*. Here we find the setting, plot and *dramatis personae* we have come to expect of a Wodehouse novel: the English country house, woolly-minded peers, young men possessed of an extensive wardrobe and no brains, young ladies of impeccable virtue and sometimes “whims of iron,” formidable aunts, stingy uncles, crooks both amateur and professional, butlers and valets of rare perspicacity, and a love affair that runs a rocky course to its final happy ending. *The Intrusion of Jimmy* is the earliest example of a Wodehouse book appearing in America prior to publication in England—an occurrence, already mentioned, which was to be repeated many times in the future. The English edition, by the way, is noteworthy for a famous Wodehouse dedication: *To Herbert West-brook, without whose never-failing advice, help and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time.*

Mr. Wodehouse is fond of his characters and he uses them over and over in his books. Jeeves, surely the most famous manservant in English literature, has appeared in more than a dozen novels or collections of short stories. He first shows up in a short story entitled *Extricating Young Gussie* from the collection *The Man With Two Left Feet* (1917). It is a fleeting appearance, but in full flower, as it were, he blossoms in a volume called *My Man Jeeves*

## The Book Club of California

(1919). Other favorite characters are Lord Emsworth, the owner of Blandings Castle and his beloved pig, the Empress of Blandings; Bertie Wooster, Jeeves' master; Aunt Agatha, an iron-clad widow who is Bertie's nemesis; Mr. Mulliner who tells stories of his innumerable nephews and nieces in the bar-parlour of the Angler's Rest; the aforementioned Ukridge; Psmith who figures in several books but most prominently in *Leave It to Psmith* (1923), probably the best known and most popular—deservedly so—of Mr. Wodehouse's books; Lord Ickenham and Lord Uffenham, two comic characters worthy to rank with that most famous peer, Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, and a host of others.

Collecting first editions of P. G. Wodehouse is a complex matter. Nearly all his books have been published both in America and England, seldom simultaneously, and often (in the maddening way publishers have) with a change of title. This has led to confusion among collectors and readers. Publishers—quite properly—are more interested in tenth than in first editions, but it would seem that the houses Mr. Wodehouse has favored have been more than normally casual about designating their first printings of his books. Herbert Jenkins, to whom Wodehouse has been a faithful author for more than forty years, saw the light in 1927 and stated on the verso of the title page "First Printing" and the date; but until that year Wodehouse first editions published by Jenkins can only be determined by a study of the advertisements for previous titles. Dates on title pages mean virtually nothing. This is particularly true of the public school stories, published by A. & C. Black. Copies of these are found with the correct title page but bearing inserted advertisements listing Wodehouse books published several years later.

What are the rarest Wodehouse first editions? This is a difficult question to answer categorically. Certainly, the seven boys' books are extremely hard to find, especially in fine condition. *The Globe By the Way Book*, *The Swoop* and *Not George Washington* have already been mentioned. These are all early efforts and one might expect them to be rare. Of the later books *My Man Jeeves* is by far the most difficult to procure. This mean little volume, undated (an edition dated 1920 and printed on thicker stock from the same plates is often mistaken for the "first"), issued on wretched paper and bound in the cheapest kind of cloth, was first pub-

## Quarterly News-Letter

lished in a series entitled *Newnes' 119 Novels* and looks exactly like a cheap reprint. Indeed, its rarity can probably be attributed to booksellers who have never bothered to give this waif a second thought and thrown it willy-nilly in the sixpenny bin.

*Hearts and Diamonds* (1926), a light opera written in collaboration with Laurie Wylie, is without doubt the rarest of all Wodehouse titles. This opera was apparently a flop and very few copies of the lyrics were sold. According to the publishers, Keith Prowse, Ltd., the edition was pulped and they did not have the wisdom to save even a "file" copy. *Hearts and Diamonds* is the one gap I know of in my collection of English editions of Wodehouse. I am aware of its existence only through the courtesy of Mr. John Hayward, eminent editor and bibliophile, who most generously gave me his notes and papers on a projected but unfinished bibliography of P. G. W., where I found a collation of this rarity.

Collecting Wodehouse has been an exacting pastime, but it has given me a vast amount of pleasure. The search has rewarded me with friends, some of whom still remain unknown to me except by correspondence, and I have learned much from them. Swapping bibliographical information is to me as reading detective fiction might be to others—an exciting adventure. I never tire of it. I never tire also of reading Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.

## LETTERS FROM THE ROCK

BY RICHARD H. DILLON\*

**I**N vivid contrast to San Francisco's bibliographical situation, the literature of Alcatraz, now so much in the news since its abandonment as a Federal penitentiary, is minute. In fact, there are only about four books worth more than a glance—

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\* Richard H. Dillon is Librarian of the Sutro Library in San Francisco and the author of many books on California history. His most recent book is *The Hatchet Men* (Coward-McCann).

## The Book Club of California

Thomas Gaddis's *Birdman of Alcatraz*, Warden James A. Johnston's *Alcatraz Island Prison*, and the two titles from Madison Avenue's 1963 vintage, *Escape From Alcatraz* by John Campbell Bruce of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and *Alcatraz, 1868-1963*, by John Godwin.

There have been a few specialized studies which touch on The Rock, of course, including Kenneth Johnson's autopsy, for Glen Dawson, on the Limantour frauds, and articles by Benjamin F. Gilbert and Clarence Clendenen, and others, in various historical quarterlies on the isle's role in Western Americana.

Of original manuscripts and documents there is a great dearth, unlike the prospect of the researcher of that rival, Marin County, hostelry on Point San Quentin. This has undoubtedly frustrated historians from even attempting an adequate account of the island's long history. But such a study is far from hopeless. Lying fallow in San Francisco are many of the primary sources for just such a comprehensive work. San Francisco Public Library's Rare Book Room now boasts the documents attesting to John C. Fremont's attempts to secure and sell the Island, while Sutro Library possesses a number of letters of Lieutenant James B. McPherson which document the pre-Civil War years of Alcatraz.

Only since 1933 has The Rock been a Federal prison. Prior to that time it was a military post used for coastal defense and as an Army prison for AWOL soldiers, for Modoc and Apache Indian prisoners, and for such "traitors" as Rebel Asbury Harpending. During Spanish and Mexican times the Island of the Pelicans (*Alcatraces*) was left pretty much to the big-billed birds. But during the uneasy antebellum decade of the 1850's, the American Government decided that a Gibraltar should be erected on San Francisco Bay to hold California for the Union. Eventually, as if to shame John Bull, two such Gibraltares were constructed. One was Fort Point, the magnificent red-brick replica of Charleston's Fort Sumter which huddles today under the Golden Gate Bridge. The second strongpoint was Alcatraz Island. Portions of the old redoubts and the damp underground magazines and cisterns, incorporated into the present prison, gave rise to the folklore of Alcatraz which had recalcitrant cons serving Solitary time in "Spanish dungeons."

Brevet Major Z. B. Tower of the Corps of Engineers reached

## Quarterly News-Letter

Alcatraz on August 5, 1853 to begin construction of the fortress. But when Colonel Joseph Mansfield inspected the island on his 1853-1854 tour, he found little more than excavations there. The old San Francisco bugaboo—inadequate budgets plus the high cost of living—had all but dismantled the fort before it was begun. Washington apparently failed to realize that San Francisco labor was as expensive an item as granite and brick masonry.

As the thunderheads of war gathered, the Government stepped up the project, sending one of the Army's most brilliant young officers to Alcatraz in the winter of 1857. This was Lt. James B. McPherson. While still in New York, McPherson wrote to friends in Wilmington of his delight at the mid-San Francisco Bay assignment. The letter, now in the Sutro Library, concludes: "I have just received orders assigning me to duty in California and shall in all probability take my departure between this date and the first of January. . . . With regard to my going to California, upon the whole I am very well pleased. I will be at San Francisco and have independent charge of the fortifications on Alcatraz Island, San Francisco Bay, which is a degree of promotion I could not have anticipated so soon. Besides, as I must at some time or other have a tour of duty on the Pacific Coast, I had much rather go now, while I am young and can enter with spirit upon new scenes and adventures. I presume I shall be there something like four years."

Some of McPherson's enthusiasm was blasted away by the furious westerlies which swept his new post, and he wrote on February 8, 1858, from *Alcatraces* Island, that he was "perched upon a little rocky island, the summit of which is one hundred and forty feet above the water. . . . While watching the sun as he dips into the broad Pacific, or listening to the never-ceasing war of the breakers dashing against the rocks, I often think of my position one year ago and instinctively draw a comparison between it and my present one. Candor compels me to state that in everything appertaining to the social amenities of life, the Pea Patch (Fort Delaware, near Wilmington) is preferable to Alcatraz and were it not that being here in charge of this work is very gratifying to my professional pride, I should regret the change deeply. As it is, all my pride is scarcely sufficient at times to keep my spirits up, though I am determined to make the best

## The Book Club of California

of the matter, looking forward joyfully to the time when I can return to the Atlantic States."

Bored to despair with the fog-shrouded, windswept island, McPherson spent every weekend in The City and, as he said, "frequently at other times during the week when I get tired of playing the hermit." He wrote his friends that "Fate or circumstances, or perhaps both combined, have arranged it so that I am doomed to live on islands and though it may sound very poetical . . . I hear something besides music in the deep sea's roar, especially as I get a good wetting about every third time I go over to Town." The only thing which broke the monotony of duty on The Rock for McPherson was his being called upon to salute some vessel with his great battery of 8-inch Columbiads, such as when the English corvette *Satellite* visited the harbor in April 1858. His ennui turned to distaste as the months rolled on and he was led to write, "This beats all the countries for wind I ever inhabited. At 10 o'clock a.m. every day the sea breeze commences and it is no gentle zephyr, I can assure you. The dust flies in every direction and the bay is covered with white-caps, making its crossing worse than the afternoon we went to Salem. I expect after four years residence here I shall become so much disgusted with the wind that I shall fairly hate the sight of anything that goes by wind. . . ."

And what of the Bagdad lying just across the tide-rip? It seemed a thousand miles away from the "Selkirkian solitude" of Alcatraz. No country boy, he; nevertheless, Lt. McPherson was dazzled by San Francisco: "There is the most heterogeneous mixture of people in this country that you can possibly imagine. In a short walk through most any of the streets of San Francisco you will meet Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, Sandwich Islanders, Chinamen, Sepoys and various nondescript races too numerous to mention, and the confusion of tongues will rival Babel of old. . . San Francisco beats all the cities I have ever been in—in the way of drinking saloons, billiard tables, cigar stores and idle men, loafers, genteely dressed. And if you happen, accidentally, to make the acquaintance of one of them, before you are aware of it, you will be introduced to very much more, for they have the greatest way of introducing folks I have ever seen."

## Quarterly News-Letter

By 1859, the bachelor officer was accepted by San Francisco society and life was becoming a dizzy series of dances and parties. So hectic did the Lieutenant find the City, in fact, that he occasionally fled to Alcatraz—"I often congratulate myself when I am in Town that I have a place to flee to where the air is pure and where I can avoid meeting people whom I do not care to know: For the most of them you know, the worse you are off."

All in all, McPherson enjoyed his tour of duty on the Bay anc' in his letters to Eastern friends he complimented San Francisco on its climate, its fresh strawberries, grapes and melons, and even on its earthquakes after experiencing two shocks. He did not fail to mention San Francisco's women, of course. He was particularly impressed by them at a ball given by the French Consul: "How could I appreciate the charms of solitude after mingling in the gay throng composed of fair ladies and, shall I say, brave men? The beauties of San Francisco were there, adorned with more than the Queen of Sheba, when she made her appearance at the Court of Solomon (am I right?), ever dreamed of. Silks and satins, laces and headdresses, gas light and diamonds, all tended to produce a most dazzling effect from which, I am happy to say, I suffered no serious inconvenience."

The girls of San Francisco soon had to do without the bachelor Lieutenant of Alcatraz. He was called East by the Civil War and the last of his letters in the Sutro Library manuscript collection were written in the field at Holley Springs, Mississippi, and Vicksburg. Just two years off The Rock, he had arisen from captain to brigadier-general. Apparently his hitch on the bleak island, peaceful except for the attacks of wind and fog, the firing of salutes from his Columbiads, and the exhausting campaign of parties and balls, had, somehow, prepared him well. U.S. Grant lamented the loss of McPherson very much, describing him and Sherman as "the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success" shortly after the Ohioan was shot to death by a Confederate skirmisher on July 22, 1864.

# The Book Club of California

## *Annual Meeting*

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The Book Club of California will be held at the Club rooms, 545 Sutter Street, San Francisco, on Tuesday, March 17, at 11:30 a.m.

DOROTHY WHITNAH, *Secretary*

## *Library Auction*

IN THE SPRING 1963 issue of the *Quarterly*, a general plan was outlined for reorganizing the Club's library. At that time it was announced also that a series of member-participation auctions would be held to dispose of duplicates and items not germane to the plan. The first of these auctions is scheduled for Wednesday, March 11, at 8:00 p.m. Early in February a catalogue for this auction was mailed to all members. (Only members of the Book Club may submit bids.)

All money gained from these auctions will go directly into a Library Fund and will be used to purchase books that are needed to fill out the collection along the lines set forth by the Library Committee and approved by the Board. In forthcoming issues of the *Quarterly* the Committee will report on the results of the auction and on the new acquisitions which it will make possible.

## *Elected to Membership*

The following have been elected since the publication of the Winter *News-Letter*.

<i>Member</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
Mrs. H. S. Foley	San Francisco	Henry M. Bowles
Gilbert Godfrey	New York City	Membership Committee
Sherwood Grover	Aptos	Jane Grabhorn
Richard Heinisch	San Francisco	William A. Vawter III
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Arizona State University	Tempe, Arizona	David Magee

# Quarterly News-Letter

## New Sustaining Members

The two classifications of membership above Regular Memberships are Patron Memberships, \$100 a year, and Sustaining Memberships, \$25 a year. The following have entered the Club as Sustaining Members.

J. ROGER JOBSON GARDINER JOHNSON	San Francisco San Francisco
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## Keepsakes

THE 1964 KEEPSAKE SERIES promises to be of unusual interest and charm. The series will contain pictures of eight West Coast lighthouses drawn by Hartman Bache in the 1850's and apparently never before published. Leading authorities on Pacific Coast maritime history are contributing the texts, which will describe some of the noteworthy events in the annals of these lighthouses. The series will be under the general editorship of John A. Hussey, Regional Historian for the National Park Service, and the editor of several previous Book Club publications, including *The Voyage of the Raccoon* and *A Vacation Among the Sierras*. Printing plans are still somewhat indefinite, but the first set of Keepsakes will probably be mailed out in late Spring.

## Notes on Publications

THE CHRISTMAS BOOK, *The Wonderful City of Carrie Van Wie*, proved to be extremely popular with members. However, because the edition was somewhat larger than usual for a Book Club publication, a very few copies remain as the Quarterly goes to press. Any member who wishes one should order immediately, as the book is certain to go out of print soon.

As its Spring 1964 publication the Club will issue the *Geographical Memoir Upon Upper California* written by John C. Fremont as a report on his expedition to the region in 1846. Accompanying the text, but folded in as a separate item, will be the large map of California, Oregon, and the land west of the Rockies for which, as the original title page makes clear, the words were only a supporting document.

This text and this map are now printed complete for the first time since their initial publication by the U. S. Senate in 1848. Their importance in the history of the exploration and cartography of the West is enhanced by two significant introductions. The first, treating the text and the history behind it, is by Professor Allan Nevins, twice a recipient of the Pulitzer Prize for biography, and the acknowledged authority on Fremont's life and expeditions. The second, dealing specifically with the map itself, is by Dale Morgan of the Bancroft Library, known for his scholarship on cartography and for his varied works on western travel and pioneer routes.

# The Book Club of California

The book is being printed by Jack W. Stauffacher, and members will recall with pleasure his earlier works for the Club: *Catnachery* and *The Miner's Own Book*. After an absence of some years to direct the New Laboratory Press in Pittsburgh, he has only recently come back to California, and the Club is fortunate that this publication is the first private press book he has designed since his return.

## Serendipity

IN THESE DAYS of specialists and automation, it is reassuring to learn that there are a few individualists dedicated to one-man, hand-crafted book making. For example, through the generosity of Norman H. Strouse, the Club has received *Five On Paper*, a book produced entirely by Henry Morris at his Bird & Bull Press, North Hills, Pennsylvania. Morris not only contributed one of the essays on paper making, but was designer, paper-maker, typesetter, printer and binder. Perhaps the most unique feature of this one-man show is the unusually handsome paper, made by hand in his home workshop. The sheets carry the Bird & Bull watermark, and certain fly leaves carry the title of the book. Of course the paper was dampened to receive the hand-set Centaur types. The edition, limited to 169 copies, was printed on a platen press and hand-bound in full leather. The five essays which comprise the text are by Dard Hunter, J. Barcham Green, John Mason, Norman H. Strouse, and Henry Morris; and there are many illustrations, both wood engravings and line drawings. The low price of \$25.00 per copy indicates that the Bird & Bull Press has eschewed a cost accounting system.



A RECENT and greatly valued gift to the library was the fifth and final volume in *Mapping the Transmississippi West*, donated by the author, Carl I. Wheat. Because of the tremendous amount of material in Volume Five, which includes maps from 1860 to 1864, it has been bound in two parts. Edwin and Robert Grabhorn were responsible for the typographic design of all the volumes and the printing of Volume One. Volumes Two, Three and Four were printed by Taylor & Taylor, and Volume Five by the James Printing Company. This monumental scholarly undertaking must be seen to be appreciated; the set will certainly represent an essential reference work for all future students of the west.



READERS who enjoyed Majl Ewing's article "On Collecting Max Beerbohm," in the Summer 1963 *Quarterly*, will want to attend the exhibit of Mr. and Mrs. Ewing's Beerbohm caricature drawings at the Achenbach Foundation for

## Quarterly News-Letter

Graphic Arts, California Palace of the Legion of Honor. The exhibit of works by "the incomparable Max," which will run from March 14 to May 24, will also include items from three Bay Area collectors—Joseph Bransten, James D. Hart, and William von Metz.



*The Poet Is Dead*, a memorial for Robinson Jeffers by Brother Antoninus, O.P., is considered to be one of the most important long poems of our time. It will soon appear in book form, designed and printed by Andrew Hoyem and Dave Haselwood at The Auerhahn Press, 1334 Franklin Street, San Francisco 9. In addition to the poem, there will be an introductory essay by the author, giving the history of the poem's emergence. The edition will be limited to 200, handset in Palatino types, and printed in two colors on dampened handmade Tovil paper, with a binding of quarter oasis leather and paper over boards. (28 pages, 7½ by 10 inches.) Price \$12.50. The Auerhahn Press, although working in the private press tradition, is strictly professional; and although relatively new in the field, has revealed fine craftsmanship and sensitive typography.



THE UNDERGROUND PRESS (Gene M. Tansey, San Francisco) issues its annual production in honor of Ground Hog Day, instead of one of the more conventional holidays. The 1964 production is entitled *Motet in Gray, or Pastoreale Munis*; in it the Ground Hog emerges to comment sardonically on the modern scene in a series of sonnets.



*The Development of Certain Kinds of Bookbinding* is the title of a sixteen-page booklet by Howard M. Nixon in which he discusses the development of the "center and corner pice" and the "interlacing ribbon" styles of binding from about 1400 to 1840. The former was especially common in western Europe, particularly in England, although that style was essentially eastern in origin. There are thirty-two illustrations to emphasize this important segment in the history of binding. Copies may be had from the Private Libraries Association, 65 Hillway, London, N.6. (75 cents).



THE FOUNDING and development of the California missions has always been a subject of great romantic interest in the early history of the state. A particularly

## The Book Club of California

important facet of that era has been compiled by Father Maynard Geiger: *A Pictorial History of the Physical Development of Mission Santa Barbara from Brush Hut to Institutional Greatness, 1786-1963.* The book includes an Historical Résumé, and approximately 150 photographs and architectural drawings with ample captions. It is a fascinating picture of the founding and life of a mission. Published by the Franciscan Fathers of California, it was printed in an edition of 500 copies by The James H. Barry Company, San Francisco.



To CELEBRATE its tenth anniversary and its change of address, the Nova Press (William P. Barlow, Jr.) has produced via the handpress and handmade paper, a checklist of its ten previous Christmastide publications. These booklets have provided the proprietor with a suitable vehicle for his hand craftsmanship—and his facetiousness. Another press that has recently celebrated a change of address is The Adagio Press, the private press of Leonard F. Bahr of Harper Woods, Michigan. The press has just issued an attractive and well-printed booklet which includes an essay on private press printing, the aims of The Adagio Press, and a bibliography of its productions.



VOLUME TWELVE of Henry Evans' series of botanical print books will be published in April, in an edition of twenty, to sell for about \$95.00. It will include twenty-four original, signed prints, each 15 by 21 inches. An exhibition of Mr. Evans' work will be held at the Sutro Library in San Francisco during March.



IN "The Future of Book Collecting" (*The Private Library*, London, October 1963) Desmond Flower takes a dim view of prospects for "the ordinary, reasonably intelligent collector with a little money and much enthusiasm." He points out that the multi-millionaire and the American institution between them are leaving ever slimmer pickings for the private collector. Mr. Flower prophesies: "I believe that within our lifetime we will see the collecting of books reach the degree of nonsense which today characterizes the market for Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings. Vast prices, which only the vastly wealthy individual or institution can afford, and the rest of us reduced to the level of small boys swapping stamps."



OF SPECIAL INTEREST to San Franciscans is *A Visit to Rincon Hill & South Park* by Albert Shumate. This twenty-four-page booklet, with a large folding map, tells the story of South Park from 1852, when it was conceived as a residential

## Quarterly News-Letter

area for the elite, to the end of the century when its eminence rapidly subsided. The edition, limited to 200 copies, was expertly printed by Roger Levenson at his Tamalpais Press in Berkeley, for E Clampus Vitus.



EVERY YEAR the Private Libraries Association, 65 Hill Way, London, publishes *Private Press Books*, a detailed listing of the products of such presses, edited by Roderick Cave, Thomas Rae and David Chambers. The current issue lists titles published in 1962, and includes twelve of California's private presses, as well as several presses operated by Club members in other states. A useful chapter on "The Literature of Private Printing" contains a bibliography of recent articles on the subject. (53 pp. plus index; \$1.75 post free).

Also published by the Private Libraries Association is *Concerning Book Labels*, with essays on the subject by Philip Beddingham, Will Carter, and Reynolds Stone. In the way of definition, we are told that the bookplate is a small picture to which is added a brief description, whereas the booklabel consists of an inscription only—although in some cases slight decoration is added in the borders or frames surrounding the name of the collector. The habit of pasting ownership labels in books became universal by the end of the sixteenth century. The present pamphlet includes some twenty-seven reproductions. (16 pp.; 5 shillings).

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